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MEDITATIONS  
IN VERSE.









**LONDON**  
**PRINTED BY JOSEPH MASTERS AND CO.,**  
**ALDERSGATE STREET.**

TO THE  
REV. JOHN LINCOLN GALTON,

INCUMBENT OF

S. Sidwell's, Exeter,

THIS LITTLE WORK

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.





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## First Sunday in Advent.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand, let us therefore cast away the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light; not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying, but put ye on the LORD JESUS CHRIST, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof."—*Rom. xiii. 12.*

FAR spent the night, 'tis time, 'tis time  
To rouse thee to th' awakening chime;  
Glimmers the dawn—lift up thine eyes  
To see the glorious sun arise.

But not as erst, when, veiled its light  
Unto the world's expectant sight,  
It dimly gleamed in lowly shed  
Above a newborn Infant's head,

Soon will it rise, then ere 'tis day  
Each work of darkness cast away;  
The lust of the eye, the pride of life,  
Envy, and wrath, and worldly strife.

Buckle around the armour sure  
'Gainst dangerous shaft, and sinful lure,  
Thus thou may'st meet that brow of flame,  
Nor dread the award of guilt and shame.

## St. Andrew's Day.

NOVEMBER 30.

"JESUS walking by the Sea of Galilee, saw two brothers, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea for they were fishers, and He saith unto them, Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men."—*S. Matt. iv. 18.*

Into the wide world's troubled ocean  
With effort vain our nets we cast;  
Amid its ever-restless motion  
They never can the draught hold fast.

We cannot reach that deep-sunk treasure  
Which lies caverned from our sight;  
And little know we of the measure  
For those who seek it right.

## Second Sunday in Advent.

"And then shall they see the Son of Man coming in a cloud  
ith power and great glory."—*S. Luke xxi. 27.*

The trumpet sounds, its dreadful cry  
Rends the ocean, earth, and sky;  
Every region hears the call,  
Quick and dead obey it all!

Come ye conquerors, ye whose feet  
Were tracked in gore, your victor meet;  
Ye proud, ye slaves of sense, ye sage,  
Come with your sneers, your scoffs, your rage!

Come forth, ye humble, and ye meek,  
Ye naked, sorrowing, and weak!  
Ye who in martyr joy embrace  
The cross, or trembling seek its grace.

Come forth! come forth! the word is passed  
Your doom is fixed, your fate is fast:  
To *you* the worm that never dies;  
To *you* the glory of the skies!



### Third Sunday in Advent.

For this is he of whom it is written, Behold, I send My messenger before Thy face, which shall prepare Thy way before Me."—*S. Matt.* xi. 10.

Who is it walks the desert-bound,  
With robe of camel-hair girt round;  
With brow austere, and flaming eye,  
And awful look of mystery?

'Tis he, 'tis he, by prophets old  
The messenger to man foretold;  
To warn him that the time drew near,

### Fourth Sunday in Advent.

Rejoice in the LORD alway, and again I say rejoice."—*Phil.* iv. 4.

And can man's low and grovelling heart,  
His blinded eyes, and faltering voice,  
Can such receive the nobler part,  
Can such mount upward and rejoice?

Not in themselves—the weight of sin  
Presses to earth th' enfeebled powers;  
And consciousness of guilt within  
Tinges with gloom the brightest hours.

Yet speaks the herald, "evermore  
Rejoice ye mourning souls and low,  
'The message bear from shore to shore,  
Let your glad hearts with joy o'erflow."

Rejoice ye in the LORD, 'tis He  
Bids every plaint of sorrow cease;  
Dim to our sight the sign may be,  
Yet He points up, and whispers peace.

## S. Thomas's Day.

DECEMBER 21.

"Thomas, because thou hast seen Me thou hast believed,  
blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.  
*John xx. 29.*

He saw, he touched, he handled, and believed,  
He thrust his hand into His side, and then,  
And not till then, the glad truth he received,  
He would not trust unto another's ken.

For a time only did he stand aloof,  
He doubted not what to his sense was brought  
The gracious SAVIOUR gave the asked for proof,

## Christmas Day.

DECEMBER 25.

"And the Angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David, a SAVIOUR, which is CHRIST the LORD."—*S. Luke ii. 10.*

Locked is th' oblivious world in sleep,  
Alone their watch the shepherds keep,  
When one of dazzling form on high,  
Proclaims the wondrous mystery.

"Fear not, to you great joy I bring,  
In David's town is born your King,  
His swathéd limbs, and royal head,  
Low cradled in a manger-bed.

Tell it through the bounds of space,  
Pardon to man's guilty race;  
Tell it that this wondrous Child  
GOD to man hath reconciled.

Ages have passed, yet still the same  
Glad tidings Angel-quires proclaim;  
"Hail to the more than mortal birth,  
Joy in heaven, peace on earth."

DECEMBER 26.

“And when he had said this, he fell asleep.”—A.

The stoutest heart may shrink and qu  
The lip may quiver, cheek grow pale,  
While pictured thought pourtrays in  
The scorching limbs, the shrivelled fr

And shrink we may, for who can tell,  
Ere it be tried, faith's potent spell:  
Who know if grace be given to bear  
Constant in pangs the martyr's share?

Yet doubt we not th' Omniscient mind  
A duly portioned load will bind:

## **S. John the Evangelist's Day.**

**DECEMBER 27.**

**"Follow thou Me."—S. John xxi. 22.**

Strange that through grace in one we find  
Such diverse characters combined;  
Son of Thunder, Voice of Love,  
Eagle strength in gentle dove.

And while he on his SAVIOUR's breast  
Found his place of surest rest,  
Burst upon his prophet eye  
Depths of wondrous mystery.

And so with us—when once we place  
Our trust in CHRIST's sustaining grace,  
The spirit, erst how fierce and wild,  
Turns to Him as confiding child.

Prospective breaks a brighter day,  
And as scenes present pass away,  
The soul, mid noise and strife set free,  
Hears one voice only, "Follow Me."

In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and  
great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children  
and comforted because they are not."—*S. Matt. ii.*

Weep not thy lost ones, weep no more  
For those the tyrant's rage hath slain  
They're wafted to a happier shore  
Beyond the reach of death and pain.

Borne up on high on seraph's wing  
Amidst expectant souls they wait;  
What time in tuneful choir to sing  
Around the throne in glorious state.

Doubt not from your blissful seat,  
On those from whom ye sprang, bereft

## Sunday after Christmas Day.

"Behold, a Virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call His name Emmanuel, which being interpreted, is God with us."—*S. Matt.* i. 23.

The mother views with glad surprise  
The wondrous gift GOD's Spirit sent;  
O'er Him with awe-struck rapture bent  
As she His infant wants supplies.

And as she folds Him to her breast,  
She looks, and smiles, then bows the knee,  
Thanking that born He deigned to be  
Of one so lowly and so blest.<sup>1</sup>

Of women blest! yet e'en than thine,  
Encircles round that manger-bed,  
More tender eye, that holy head  
Is watched by love yet more divine.

Which watches still o'er us, for He  
Who bore for man this fleshly coil,  
Emmanuel, through our pilgrim toil  
Safe leads us to eternity.

<sup>1</sup> This stanza is taken from Taylor's "Life of CHRIST."  
section 3.



JANUARY 1.

"And when eight days were accomplish  
of the Child, His name was called JESUS  
the Angel before He was conceived in the

Mysterious Name! in Heave  
Ere yet disclosed in mort  
By angels round God's thro  
Before sent down to glad

The name of JESUS! at the  
Creation bends the rever  
That Name which from co  
Alone can set the creatu

1 1 1 1 1

## The Epiphany.

JANUARY 6.

"Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship Him."—  
3. *Matt.* ii. 2.

The Gentile world a mantle deep  
Of thickest darkness overspread,  
And the cold earth was wrapped in sleep  
Than death itself more chill and dread.

When in the East is seen a star  
Piercing the gloom with radiance bright;  
And sages watching from afar  
With wondering footsteps trace its light.

Portentous sign! for now on high  
Full bursting through the reddening spheres,  
In all transcendent majesty  
The Sun of Righteousness appears.

But O how soon o'ercast the face,  
How thick the noxious vapours rise—  
Hasten, O GOD, Thy reign of grace,  
In their first glory light the skies.



## Second Sunday after the Epiphany.

"Every man in the beginning doth set forth good wine,  
 then men have well drunk then that which is worse, but  
 not kept the good wine till now."—*S. John ii. 10.*

He Who hath blest the marriage tie,  
 Graces Himself the marriage feast,  
 To show how He can all supply  
 When He attends a sought for guest.

Nor only upon earth, above  
 He doth a marriage feast prepare,  
 For the pure bride the Bridegroom's love  
 Fulness of joys hath treasured there.

And as the water-pots brim o'er  
 At His command with choicest wine,  
 So do sin-smitten souls and sore  
 Draw gladness from the draught divine.

For He alone the winepress trod,  
 His blood-red garments deep He dyed,  
 And o'er our wounds th' incarnate GOD  
 Poured from His side the healing tide.

### Third Sunday after the Epiphany

"Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst cover my  
roof."—*S. Matt.* viii. 8.

Worthy, O no! for who could dare  
Of his own worth the voice to raise  
Whose merits could a shrine prepare,  
A temple to his Maker's praise?

Yet in our bodies He doth dwell,  
The LORD of all His creatures' guests  
In those true hearts that love Him well  
His HOLY SPIRIT finds a rest.

And, O, in life's rough course how  
To find Him

## The Conversion of S. Paul.

JANUARY 25.

“And he said, Who art Thou, LORD?”—*Acts ix. 5.*

Breathing of slaughter, on he came  
With brow of wrath and eye of flame;  
Against the Nazarene his steel  
Burning to quench its furious zeal.

But see him now that man of fear,  
The voice of love hath reached his ear;  
Dauntless through perils, preaching round  
Earth's utmost climes the Gospel sound.

Thus when delusion's dark disguise  
Deadens the heart, and blinds the eyes;  
And truth obscured we fierce oppose,  
Counting the wise and good as-foes:—

Then should a ray divine illumine  
Th' imprisoned spirit's cheerless gloom,  
Who can speak the heaven-sent glow?  
God of Love, I know Thee now!

## **Fourth Sunday after the C**

**"And He saith unto them, Why are ye fearful? Then He arose and rebuked the wind there was a great calm."—S. Matt. viii. 26.**

**Why art thou fearful, if the form  
Of evil o'er the Church hath cross  
Why art thou faithless, though the  
Hath burst upon her tempest-toss**

**The angry billows rage and swell,  
And to our sight He calmly sleep  
But o'er His own He loves so well  
A careful watch He constant keep**

**But labouring in this world of sin.**

# **The Presentation of Christ in the Temple,**

COMMONLY CALLED

## **The Purification of S. Mary the Virgin.**

FEBRUARY 2.

“And the LORD whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His Temple.”—*Mal.* iii. 2.

It is not until the Spirit's grace  
Hath touched the heart, and cleared the eye,  
That through earth's shadows we can trace  
The beams that radiate from on high.

Thus, from the common ken concealed,  
The aged Prophet knew the sign ;  
Saw in that Holy Babe revealed  
The stamp of origin divine.

And as he in the Temple found,  
In patience waiting for the time,  
Him Who salvation's glorious sound  
Would bear to the Gentiles' farthest clime ;—

So when with firm and trusting mind  
Before His shrine we bend the knee  
His saving power sure we find,  
His Presence in His Temple see.



## Fifth Sunday

"Let both grow together until the harvest; harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather tares, and bind them in bundles to burn; wheat into My barn."—*S. Matt. xiii. 30.*

The goodly seed the Sower sow  
And round the field the fence  
But the foe found by stealth  
And with the wheat his vile

If then the Church's holy bow  
Encloses now both good and  
Confused until, the number of  
The harvest shall His garn

May not thyself nor be disme

### Sixth Sunday after Epiphany.

"And then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven; and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and then shall they see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory."—*S. Matt.* xxiv. 30.

The earth in smiling verdure dight,  
The sky o'erspread in radiance bright,  
All seem to thoughtless man to say  
To-morrow shall be as to-day.

But earth shall shriek with wild surprise,  
The stars shall fall beneath the skies,  
When robed in clouds and decked with fear  
The Judge of mankind shall appear.

Oh, who can speak that dreadful hour  
When CHRIST shall stand in unveiled power?  
When hoping, fearing, trembling, all  
Before His judgment seat shall fall?

Prepare then ere the time be past,  
Prepare ye while the day yet last,  
Delay not lest the word be given,  
E'en now decide for hell or heaven.

## Septuagesima Sun

"Know ye not that they which run in a  
receiveth the prize? So run that ye may ob

Gird up thy loins, thy member  
Thy limbs with vigour firm  
The course is one of toil and  
The way is rough and long

Yet 'tis a race that must be run  
Death hangs upon the ling  
Ere sinketh down thine even  
Ere yet the dews of night

But, O, how many idle play,

### **Sexagesima Sunday.**

**"If I must needs glory, I will glory of the things which concern mine infirmities."—2 Cor. xi. 30.**

The Christian's voice is low and meek,  
The Christian's strength is faint and weak;  
Yet that meek voice to heaven will rise,  
That feeble strength may win the skies.

For voice and strength are not his own,  
They issue from GOD's grace alone;  
That grace the faltering tongue sets free,  
And breathes a living energy.

The foremost of the warrior band  
Who bore the Cross o'er sea and land;  
The first in perils, toils, and woes,  
Midst stripes, and deaths, and fiercest foes;

He boasts but of infirmities,  
In these his chiefest glory lies;  
So doth our all on GOD depend,  
Our Strength, our Guardian, and our Friend.

## **Quinquagesima Sunday**

**"And now abideth faith, hope, and charity:  
the greatest of these is charity."—1 Cor. xiii. 13**

**When o'er the groaning earth rude te  
And man's tumultuous passions rage  
We think of GOD as girt with vengef  
Scarce venturing on His loving ca**

**Yet 'tis the same, for GOD Himself i  
And ministers of love surround I  
And love flows down perennial from  
Its waters springing from that fo**

**Love is the link connecting earth  
Thence binding man's whole race  
—in were life to loveless spirit**

## **S. Matthias' Day.**

**FEBRUARY 24.**

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*S. Matt. xi. 28.*

Come unto Me, all ye whose course  
Lies along life's rude, rugged way;  
Come unto Me, all ye whose force  
Is spent, and I will be your stay.

All ye who labour and who mourn,  
By sin defiled, and sore distress;  
Bereaved, forsaken, and forlorn,  
Come unto Me, and find your rest.

Easy My burden, light My yoke,  
On Me your wasting cares repose;  
For you I bore the smiter's stroke,  
To heal your griefs and soothe your woes.

Then freely come—here peace I give  
The world nor gives nor takes away;  
Hereafter gloriously to live  
In presence of eternal day.

**"Blow the trumpet in Zion, sanctify a f  
priests, the ministers of the LORD, weep b  
the altar, and let them say, Spare Th  
*Joel ii. 15.***

**Mourn ye o'er the nation's  
Mourn His temple-courts w  
Priests and people own the  
Weeping bow before your C**

**Queen of waters, veil thy p  
Boast not of thy commerce  
Mammon reigns where GOI  
Vice flaunts high, and facti**

**Church, our Mother, fast an  
If thou judgment may dela**

## First Sunday in Lent.

'Then was Jssus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil.'—*S. Matt. iv. 1.*

Man roams the desert wide and waste,  
 Seeking for rest and finding none ;  
 Feeding on husks which mock the taste,  
 From bitter seed the world has sown.

And then the devil's false deceit  
 With fruit fair-seeming tempts the eyes ;  
 Well if unharmed his voice we meet,  
 Well if we spurn the specious prize.

For He too faced the tempter's power,  
 And triumphed o'er each varied lure,  
 To fit us for temptation's hour,  
 And prove before the armour sure.

And as administering spirits came,  
 The conflict o'er, in bright array ;  
 Resist we to the end, the same  
 Through death's dark hour will be our stay.



## Second Sun

"O woman, great is thy faith:  
wilt."—*S. Matt. xv. 28.*

'Tis not to those of bearing  
Of lofty mien and flaunting  
'Tis not to those who start  
From the mean crowd with

'Tis to the humble and the  
Whose faltering voice scarce  
Who gather up through paths  
The crumbs that from His

Faith to their fainting  
S—

### Third Sunday in Lent.

"Wherefore he saith, Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and CHRIST shall give thee light."—*Ephes. v. 14.*

"Let there be light," GOD said, "and there was light,"  
O'er the dark void celestial radiance broke;  
The reign dispersed of universal night  
As into life a young creation woke.

But darkness soon over this new-born world,  
Fresh from GOD's hand, a deeper darkness spread,  
Th' angel of death his banner wide unfurled  
As o'er GOD's image sin defilement shed.

Yet light again broke forth with brighter ray  
Even than did first the dread abyss illume,  
More glorious burst the renovated day,  
As He pierced through the barriers of the tomb.

Wake then, ye slumberers, from the dead arise,  
Sink ye not hopeless into eternal night,  
Disperse the veil that clouds your darkened eyes,  
Awake, arise, and CHRIST will give you light.

## Fourth Sunday in Lent.

"For this Agar is Mount Sinai in Arabia, and Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the all."—*Gal. iv. 25.*

Mourn thou desolate and forsaken,  
Mourn o'er thy departed pride,  
Thy shrine defiled, thy children take  
From their weeping mother's side.

On thy walls the crescent gleaming  
Speaks of vengeance unallayed;  
Thousands of that land still dreamin  
Where their fathers' bones are laid

Zion now in bonda-

### **Fifth Sunday in Lent.**

"Verily, verily I say unto you, If a man keep My saying, he shall never see death."—*S. John viii. 51.*

Death through creation's widest bound  
 Reigns uncontrolled and free  
 Like lion ravening around  
 In lawless sovereignty.

Formed from the dust to dust again  
 Our mouldering frames decay,  
 Life but begins to end, in vain  
 We look beyond the day.

So nature speaks, yet through death's gloom  
 We pass, as through the night;  
 The darkened portals of the tomb  
 Open to glorious light.

For they who listening to His call  
 With faithful hearts obey;  
 Are loosed for ever from the thrall,  
 Death's power hath passed away.

## **The Annunciation of the Blessed !**

**MARCH 25.**

**"Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy o  
S. Luke ii. 35.**

Favoured of women ! first and last  
Honour and love are due to thee  
Mother of GOD, I hail thee blessed  
But O, I dare not bend the knee

I know not what thy soul may feel  
Expectant in the realms of bliss  
But mindful of man's woe and weal  
If thou regard a world like this

The sword which pierced thy bosom through,  
When at the Cross thou mourning bowed,  
Must sharper pierce when thou dost view  
The worship of th' infatuate crowd,

Altars upraised thy Son's beside,  
Prayer due to GOD poured forth to thee.—  
Will man His glory darker hide,  
In the last days' iniquity?

## Palm St.

"And a very great multitude spread  
others cut down branches from the  
the way: and the multitudes that we  
cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of  
cometh in the name of the Lord, Ho  
*Matt. xxi. 8, 9.*

Daughter of Sion, lift th  
King David's Son proc  
Daughter of Sion, high re  
Hosanna to His Name!

Though meekly riding on  
He comes in humble gu  
He comes to break the ga  
O'er death triumphant r

Thy garments spread

## Monday before Easter.

"In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them: in His love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bare them, and carried them all the days of old. But they rebelled and vexed His HOLY SPIRIT; therefore He was turned to be their enemy, and He fought against them."—*Isaiah lxi. 9, 10.*

'The LORD for Israel did prepare  
Their pasture with a shepherd's care;  
From Egypt's bonds their steps He traced,  
And led them through the desert-waste.

He brought them to the promised land,  
But they rebelled at His command:  
They wandered, though their paths He lighted,  
He loved them, but His love they slighted.

Then at the last His wrath waxed hot,  
He looked for fruit and found it not;  
"Why longer cumbereth it the ground?"  
He spake, their place was no more found.

LORD, not from us, though Thou may chide,  
The angel of Thy presence hide:  
O let Thy precious Passion be  
The cord to bind us still to Thee.



## Tuesday before Easter.

And when He was come near, He beheld the city and wept, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace; but now they are hid from thine eyes."—*S. Luke xix. 41, 42.*

And did the SAVIOUR weep, at Lazarus' tomb—  
 He wept to see the havoc sin had made :  
 O man, so lovely once, corruption's doom  
 Would now fulfil, in the low dust be laid.

And He wept, that when destruction lowers,  
 When her brood beneath her wings would hide  
 To the coming ill those gilded towers

### Wednesday before Easter.

"Jesus said unto him, Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?"—*S. Luke xxii. 48.*

Of all the griefs our souls can prove  
 There's none that strikes so deep and keen,  
 As falsehood in the hearts we love,  
 Betrayed by those on whom we lean.

He could not fill the measure up,  
 Till bartered by a friend for gold;  
 He could not drain the bitter cup,  
 Till by one chosen basely sold.

We turn with horror from the deed,  
 We shuddering speak the traitor's name;  
 But while we follow earth's vile greed,  
 Do we not share the traitor's shame?

He spreads His arms—His cheek we kiss,  
 But kiss Him only to betray,  
 If we still clasp a world like this,  
 While He so loving calls away.

## Thursday before Easter.

“And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, is My body. And He took the cup, and gave thank to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is My new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.—*S. Matt. xxvi. 26, 27, 28.*

“This is My Body, take and eat,  
Drink ye this cup full-mixed and red,  
To you indeed My flesh is meat,  
To bring you life My blood is shed.”

I ask not, LORD, the mystery hidden  
Beneath those words so dark and deep,  
I would but do as Thou hast bidden,  
In simple faith Thy mandate keep.

The bread I eat is

**As Thou didst choose this dreadful hour  
To us such precious boon to give ;  
When faint beneath the cross's power  
May this blest food my strength revive.**

## **Good Friday.**

**"Jesus, when He had cried again with a loud voice the ghost."**—*S. Matt.* xxvii. 50.

**Whence is that deep, that dreadful sou  
Pervading earth and sky ?  
Darkened the sun, and cleft the groud  
That agonising cry !**

**'Tis He, the Holy One hath died,  
Hath died, great GOD, for me ;  
My sins have pierced His bleeding sid  
And nailed Him to the tree.**

**To me the price—the guilt is mine,  
For me the pain and death ;  
For me He bears the wrath divine  
Down to the hell beneath !**

**And O how strong. how dire the curs**

## Easter Eve.

"The like figure whereunto, even baptism, doth also now save  
(not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer  
a good conscience toward God,) by the resurrection of Jesus  
CHRIST."—1 *S. Pet.* iii. 21.

The Man of sorrows grieves no more,  
The rites of pious love are paid ;  
His pains are hushed, His anguish sore ;  
In the cold tomb His limbs are laid.

And where His soul ? from bonds set free  
To prisoned spirits past below ;  
Patriarchs, and saints, and prophets see  
The long-expected SAVIOUR now.

And as the darkest shade of night  
Is promise of a radiant prime,  
So is His presence past from sight  
An earnest of that glorious time,

When, buried in baptism with Him here,  
Into His image changed anew,  
We from the grave shall reappear,  
Eternally His face to view.

## Easter Day.

CHRIST our passover is sacrificed for us : therefore let  
feast."—1 Cor. v. 7.

O day of days, thrice-hallowed day,  
A blessing hangs upon thy ray ;  
A halo seems to beam around,  
As if the earth were holy ground.

And so it is, this glorious light  
Hath pierced the gloom of death's dark night  
And seraph myriads hymn the strain,  
"CHRIST hath shivered sin's strong chain :

"CHRIST hath loosed th' accurséd spell ;  
CHRIST hath bound the powers of hell ;  
CHRIST hath trodden Satan down ;  
CHRIST hath won the victor's crown."

O theme too high for nether spheres,  
— — — — —

### Easter Monday.

"But some man will say, How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?"—1 Cor. xv. 35.

Wondrous the thought,  
That when we are brought  
At the trumpet-blast from the grave's dark hold,  
Our bodies shall rise  
In glorified guise,  
As seeds that burst from the cerement-fo'd.

No sign nor trace  
Of sin's foul disgrace,  
No scars save the martyrs' of rack and flame;  
As the SAVIOUR dight  
In His vestment of light  
Still bears the marks of His glorious shame.

The spirit shall find,  
With the body combined,  
No clog that shall trammel in confines of place;  
But a substance to bear  
Midst the ocean of air,  
The behests of the LORD through unlimited space.



**To the Ancient of Days  
From worlds beyond worlds shall re-echo !**

### Easter Tuesday.

"JESUS Himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you."—*S. Luke xxiv. 36.*

'Tis not the raging storm without  
That can our Zion's bulwarks harm ;  
The foe's fierce wrath, the rabble shout  
Cause not to constant hearts alarm.

But when within confusion reigns,  
Error and strife, distrust and fear ;  
The soul like mourning dove complains,  
Is there no guiding presence near ?

Yes, in the midst, lo, JESUS stands,  
"Peace be unto you—why distrest ?  
My riven side, My feet and hands  
Were pierced, to bring you to your rest.

"Discordant sounds My Church may vex,  
Yet still I hold the helm secure ;  
False lights may your weak faith perplex,  
I keep her course still safe and sure."

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## **S. Mark's Day.**

APRIL 25.

am the true vine, and My FATHER is the husbandman."—  
 tm xv. 1.

Nurtured by a Father's hand  
 Spreads the true vine o'er each land;  
 Shedding health and life around,  
 To the ocean's utmost bound.

Goodly clusters deck the stem,  
 Bright as monarch's diadem;  
 While the husbandman each shoot  
 Prunes to bear a richer fruit.

Labour then with watchful toil,  
 Cleanse from noxious weeds the soil,  
 Lest thy vintage-promise bring  
 Wild grapes to the gathering.

And with fences firm and sure  
 Make Thy vineyard, LORD, secure,  
 Guard with flaming sword the gate  
 From the Archdestroyer's hate.

giveth His life for the sheep."—

How blest to think th  
Who in this desert  
With constant care ar  
Protects His flock f

The lambs He in His  
The weak and weary  
How bleak around the  
To waters still, and

He gently leads, but d  
They follow with a w  
He speaks in accents m  
And well they know

When the wolf rushes  
The hireling will his  
But the Good Shepherd

## **S. Philip and S. James' Bay.**

**MAY 1.**

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is he shall receive the crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him."—*S. James* i. 12.

Give me a course from danger free,  
Along a smooth untroubled sea ;  
To keep my calm and quiet way  
Without obstruction and delay.

So speaks man's heart, until a beam  
From heaven disperse the tranquil dream ;  
Until he learn a way more sure,  
To face his trial, and endure.

'Tis not the softly-tempered breeze  
That gently wafts o'er summer seas ;  
Rather the firm encountered blast  
Which to the haven brings at last.

And as the martyr-saints of yore  
The conflict braved from shore to shore ;  
So must we fight, for CHRIST hath shown  
That we must win to wear the crown.

**F.**

### Third Sunday after Easter

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, that ye shall weep, but the world shall rejoice; and ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy."—*S. John xvi. 20.*

Weep and lament, your LORD ye seek  
But cannot His loved footsteps trace  
Ye search in vain—your heart is weak  
Your spirit finds no resting-place.

The world rejoices in its pride;  
Ye wander strange on pilgrim-ground  
That voice which once His saints sup-

### Fourth Sunday after Easter.

“Howbeit, when He, the Spirit of truth is come, He will guide you into all truth; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak, for He will show you things to come.”—*S. John* xvi. 13.

SPIRIT of truth divine! when first Thy ray  
Pierces athwart the darkness of our way,  
To the awakened soul what visions rise,  
As heaven expanding opens to our eyes.

Hope points the glorious prospect; o’er the tomb  
Fear broods no longer, nor desponding gloom;  
Beneath Thy sheltering wings our troubles cease,  
And though the tempest rage, we rest in peace.

GOD! if Thou sheddest such celestial light  
While yet we live by faith, and not by sight;  
If thus surrounded by a world of ill  
Secure we hear Thee whisper, “Peace, be still:”—

What when we reach the precincts of that shore,  
Where sin can vex, and sorrow wound no more—  
How shall we feel when face to face we see  
*The glories of unshrouded Deity.*



IN THE WORLD YE SHALL HAVE TRIBULATION;  
I have overcome the world."—S. John xvi.

I float along a summer-tide,  
With blessing crowned on e  
Enlivening scenes, a balmy  
Responsive to a mind at eas

Yet tribulation is man's lot;  
The world affords no shelter  
No refuge sure, from ills to  
With which sin's havoc track

It may be that 'tis meant to  
If with firm step, and steadf  
Midst pleasant places sweet  
I can preserve the way secur

It may be that this tranquil

### Ascension Day.

"While they beheld, He was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight."—*Acts i. 9.*

"A cloud received Him from their sight."

O, for the time when, through that cloud,  
The eye shall see in unveiled light  
Him circled by the seraph crowd.

O for the time when, face to face,  
Him seated at His FATHER's side,  
We shall behold, through boundless space  
By myriad voices glorified.

Yet Faith can see Him now, on high  
Presenting up His people's prayers;  
Before His FATHER their faint cry  
Our faithful Intercessor bears.

Then heal Thy Church's wounds, O LORD!  
O may for her Thy members riven,  
Thy blood poured out, a balm afford,  
A token of her sin forgiven.

## Sunday after Ascension Day.

“Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven  
*Acts i. 11.*

Why gaze to heaven? O let me strive  
My sluggish soul to keep alive,  
And upwards rise on venturous wing  
With high though weak aspiring.

Above the stars O let me soar  
Those glorious portals to explore,  
Where thrones, dominions, princes, powe  
Around th' Eternal City's towers,

On golden harps hosannas raise,

## Whit-Sunday.

‘And I will pray the FATHER, and He shall give you another comforter, that He may abide with you for ever.’—*S. John* r. 16.

SPIRIT of GOD, great source of light,  
 Thou Comforter divine,  
 Through the dim veil that shrouds our sight  
 O make Thy face to shine.

The grass doth wither, fades the flower<sup>1</sup>  
 Before Thy blighting breath;  
 At Thy command the mountains cower,  
 At Thy rebuke is death.

Again Thou breathest joy and health,  
 Again the wellsprings flow,  
 And to the poor and needy wealth  
 In copious streams bestow.

O Thou Who erst upon the face  
 Mov’dst of the watery waste,  
 Filling with life the expanse of space,  
 What time the bounds were placed :

<sup>1</sup> *Isaiah xl. 7.*

— room deep.

### **Whit-Monday.**

“We do hear them speak in our own tongues the wonderful  
works of God.”—*Acts* ii. 11.

The sun arises to adore  
His Maker from the eastern shore,  
Now veiled in mist, and cloud, and shower,  
Now radiant in resplendent power.

And thus GOD'S SPIRIT, here received  
With grateful joy, there scarce believed,  
Carries the FATHER'S high commands,  
The sound of mercy through all lands.

As strangers once in wonder hung  
On truths revealed in varied tongue,  
Island remote, and savage clime,  
Now hear salvation's advent-time.

And whether or not they saving hear,  
Alike to all the end draws near;  
Far spent the day, in glorious sheen  
Soon will the SPIRIT'S power be seen.

## **~~Whit-~~Tuesday.**

**"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God,  
Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"—1 Cor. iii. 16.**

**It is not in the tempest's shock,<sup>1</sup>  
When nations in the earthquake roar  
It is not when the flaming tide  
Spreads destruction far and wide ;**

**But 'tis the still small voice we hear  
In the night-watches calm and clear  
That speaks within the conscious breast  
The SPIRIT an indwelling guest.**

**SPIRIT of GOD, by Whom the thought  
Implanted is to ripeness brought ;  
Fanning each feebly flickering spark**

## **S. Barnabas' Day.**

**JUNE 11.**

**"And Joses, who by the apostles was surnamed Barnabas, which is being interpreted, the son of consolation."—Acts iv. 36.**

The son of consolation—O what voice  
Can fall more kindly on the pilgrim's ear;  
Than that which bids the toiling heart rejoice,  
And of the mourning spirit dries the tear?

True, there is One, and only One, Whose power  
Can through our rough and weary path sustain;  
Himself Who felt the agonizing hour  
Alone can feel our grief, and know our pain.

But as He sits high throned above our sight,  
Through human agents He our wants supplies;  
The Church, her ministers, the dear delight.  
Of kindred bands, and sympathetic ties.

Yet these shall fail—'tis He alone can bring  
True consolation to the sinner's soul;  
When the spirit struggles, trembles on the wing,  
Alone can loose and bear it to the goal.



### Trinity Sunday.

" And immediately I was in the Spirit : and behold a throne set in heaven, and one sat on the throne ; and He that sat upon it look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone."—*Rev. iv. 2*

While reason strives in vain to trace  
Beyond the horizon's bounded space,  
GOD doth in dim perspective raise  
The mystic vail before our gaze.

What is 't we see? the Eternal One  
With rainbow glory round His throne  
The elders with golden circlets crown'  
Four living things the throne around

The sea of glass, seven lamps of fire,  
Lightnings and thunderings' awful qu

### **First Sunday after Trinity.**

**"Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."—1 S. John 7.**

Is there a heart so cold and drear,  
 So withered by the wintry blast,  
 As not within a voice to hear,  
 Nor feel a tie that binds it fast?

Nature yet speaks e'en where we trace  
 The image of GOD but faintly gleam;  
 But from the fontanel of grace  
 The love which flows in copious stream,

Like Nile that rolls its bounteous tide  
 Within no narrow bounds confined,  
 Diffuses mercies far and wide  
 Extensive as our common kind:

Till that it reach the mighty sweep  
 Around th' eternal throne that move,  
 Of waters uttering vast and deep  
 One universal voice of love.

ter Trinity.


3 men which were bidden  
v. 24.

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ou from your course,<sup>1</sup>  
ith a store  
s down your force.

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st be placed,  
ly crowned?

their merchandize,  
hy best gifts spurn  
blind, their eyes  
aging turn.

I my cup  
Thee best:



## **S. John the Baptist's Day.**

**JUNE 24.**

"The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the LORD, make straight in the desert a highway for our God."—*Isaiah* xl. 3.

Out of the wild is heard a cry ;—  
Prepare ye, for the LORD draws nigh,  
The mountain-tops be rent in twain,  
The valleys raised, the rough made plain.

Elias speaks, the warning sound  
Echoes to earth's extremest bound ;—  
Amid the desert straight prepare  
A highway for the victor's car.

MESSIAH comes, in gayest bloom  
Creation sheds a rich perfume ;  
And joy, and peace, and love, advance  
To meet Him in the mazy dance.

MESSIAH comes, e'en now I hear  
The tramp of horsehoofs wending near ;  
Even now I see the dawning prime,  
The first burst of that glorious time.

### **Third Sunday after Trinity.**

**"Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of God over one sinner that repenteth."—S. Luke.**

In those blest spirits which surround,  
Unnumbered hosts, the Eternal's throne  
With seraphs can a place be found  
For joy whilst they on earth look down

When out of lowest depths the cry  
Of sinners' anguish deep they hear,  
On wings of mercy wafted high  
They bear it to the SAVIOUR'S ear.

None are by Satan's darts so scarred

### Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

'or the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the  
festation of the sons of God."—*Rom. viii. 19.*

Look ye behind earth's best disguise,  
The fairest mask is empty show,  
While life's more common form supplies  
Varied reality of woe.

Nay, sin's primeval curse has space  
To spring amidst the vineyard-bound ;  
Error, and strife, and noise, find place  
Even within GOD'S chosen ground.

The whole creation groans, of pain  
Rises the universal cry ;  
Unfit the burden to sustain,  
It pants for its delivery.

Yes, as the Persian's earnest sight  
Traces the sun's first reddening beam,  
So do GOD'S children through the night  
Watch their redemption's dawning gleam.

## **S. Peter's Day.**

**JUNE 29.**

"Wilt thou lay down thy life for My sake? Verily, unto thee, the cock shall not crow till thou hast thrice."—*S. John xiii. 38.*

When beat the billows high, the Rock  
Yielded before the tempest's shock;  
And he who dared the tempter's spell  
Through death to move, in danger fell.

Fearful to think the trial wrung  
Denial from that boastful tongue:—  
And do not we our LORD deny  
While yet we own His presence nigh?

'Temptation comes—we hear Him speak

### **Fifth Sunday after Trinity.**

"But and if ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye: and be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled."—1 *S. Pet.*  
.. 14.

We walk mid terrors half revealed,  
Like children sporting on the brink  
By mists and shadows dim concealed,  
Nor know the danger till we sink.

But by GOD'S Spirit surely led,  
Within the everlasting arms  
Upheld, and gathered safe we tread,  
How fiercely rage the world's alarms.

Thrice happy, who, when Satan's hate  
With fiery darts besets them round,  
Confront the foeman at the gate,  
And scorn to yield the vantage ground.

Suffer they will, in toil and pain  
Then happiest in their SAVIOUR'S love;  
They know they sorrow not in vain,  
Their tears laid up in store above.



## Sixth Sunday after Trinit

“ Know ye not, that so many of us as were bapti  
CHRIST were baptized into His death ?”—*Rom. vi.*

O'er Jordan's strand  
To the promised land  
We pass when we draw our infant breat  
In the saving tide  
Which flowed from His side  
Baptized into life by the SAVIOUR's deat

But though purged from sin  
From the taint within,  
The curse entailed by our primal birth ;  
Yet heavy the weight,  
In our pilgrim state,

Then grant me the will  
To die to ill,  
As Thou in Thy Passion didst die for me ;  
Hereafter to rise  
To the place in the skies  
Thou hast promised to those who are buried with  
Thee.

## **Seventh Sunday after Trinity.**

**"And He asked them, How many loaves have ye? And  
said, Seven."—S. Mark viii. 5.**

**A table in the wilderness**

**Ever He spreads our souls to cheer,  
Ready the bread of life to bless  
To all whose fainting steps draw near.**

**And seven the loaves, the number given  
In GOD's sealed book, like mystic spell,  
Of perfectness, to earth and heaven,  
In vision, type, and miracle.**

**And while Thou thus vouchsaf'st to feed  
Thy Churches scattered far and wide**

### **S. James's Day.**

"Ye shall drink indeed of My cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with; but to sit on My right hand, and on My left, is not Mine to give, but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of My FATHER."—*S. Matt. xx. 23.*

With CHRIST to live, with CHRIST to die,—  
Fix we on this the steadfast eye,  
Steering amid life's dangerous frauds,  
Its dazzling pomps and luring gauds.

With Him the bitter cup to share,  
The fiery trial firm to bear;  
Nor let the foeman vantage gain  
How fierce the strife, or sharp the pain.

But ask not mid the glorious band  
On high to sit at His right hand,  
With those reserved to wear the guise,  
The golden crowns of Paradise.

Enough to find the opened door,  
The conflict past, the labour o'er;  
Enough whate'er my place may be,  
*Nothing* can hide GOD's face from me.

## **Eighth Sunday after Trinity.**

**"Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."—S. Mat**

We are not what we seem,  
But a fleeting dream,  
That passes away with th' awakening dawn ;  
For the good we prepare,  
And the evil we dare,  
Soon vanish as dew on earth's bosom at morn.

We are not what we seem,  
For this fleeting dream  
Is the forecast of things which shall ne'er pass :  
And our deeds are the fruit  
Of a deathless root

.....

But a tree grows rife  
By the river of life,  
Whose branches spread wide 'neath a glorious sky ;  
Then make we secure,  
For its fruits will mature  
And flourish still fresh through eternity.

## **Ninth Sunday after Trin**

**"And I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends  
mon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fall,  
you into everlasting habitations."—S. Luke xvi.**

**Make friends of this world's idol-  
Yes, He Who breathed into the c  
A living soul, can cause fulfil  
Even earth's vile dross His sover**

**Mammon his millions to the tom  
May send to their eternal doom;  
But he may prove a path of ligh  
To such as use the means aright**

**— license the poison-cup to h**

### Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

"And when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace; but now they are hid from thine eyes."—*S. Luke xix. 41, 42.*

"Didst thou but know, in this thy day  
E'er yet thou seal'st thy fate,  
The things belonging to thy peace,  
Before it be too late!"

Thus spake the warning once, and still  
The self-same voice we hear;  
We see the dark clouds gathering round,  
The thunder-storm draws near.

Th' horizon gleams, the time's at hand  
In prophet-page foretold;  
The apostate armament drives on,  
The hostile ranks unfold.

Linger then not, your armour brace,  
Prepare ye for the strife;  
No truce, no parley with the foe,  
The struggle is for life.



## Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

“And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up  
as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, say-  
ing, be merciful to me a sinner.”—*S. Luke xviii. 13.*

Is there a breast so pure and bright  
As naked to confront the light,  
And dauntless dare the searching eye  
To scan its inward secrecy?

Others secure from strife of sin  
May know but blissful peace within;  
And thankful own no perverse will  
Distracts their feet to paths of ill.

But while I feel my wayward heart

## S. Bartholomew's Day.

AUGUST 24.

"And I appoint unto you a kingdom, as My FATHER hath appointed unto Me; that ye may eat and drink at My table in My kingdom, and sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel."  
*S. Luke xxii. 29, 30.*

She whom we loved hath pass'd away;—<sup>1</sup>  
 One of so pure and gentle mould,  
 As if earth were unfit to hold  
 The tenant of such fragile clay.

Love was her native atmosphere,  
 Her world was but of little range;  
 While all beyond was cold and strange,  
 Her skies were cloudless, calm, and clear.

Martyrs and saints of glorious fame,  
 Apostles ranging sea and land,  
 Expectant wait their high command,  
 Foremost in station as in name.

<sup>1</sup> December 24, 1852.

Reserved within the -----

Mid the more brilliant orbs of night  
The paler stars are twinkling seen ;  
For each alike derives its sheen  
From the same glorious source of lig

GOD knows His creatures, as is best  
Bright or obscure He points their way  
Tis ours to follow and obey,  
And trustful leave to Him the rest.

## Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

"And looking up to heaven, He sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphatha, that is, Be opened."—*S. Mark* vii. 34.

'Tis strange midst omens dark and drear,  
While death stalks round, and tempests shake,  
Mid sounds of dread and sights of fear,  
Nought can our spell-bound senses wake.

Our tongues are tied except to mix  
Their voices with the Babel din;  
Upwards our eyes we cannot fix,  
No seraph-harps our ears could win.

Until Thou call we blindly stray,  
By gusts of impulse rudely driven;  
Or grope along a pathless way,  
Without a cheering ray from heaven.

But let Thine Ephphatha be spoken  
From earthly thrall our hearts to free;  
As birds which from the snare have broken,  
Then shall our spirits mount to Thee.

## Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho among thieves."—*S. Luke x. 30.*

Careless we wend life's paths along,  
Nor see the perils which surround,  
We wander mid the leaguereð throng  
Of foes, as if 'twere guarded ground.

And then by Satan's shafts transfixed  
Half dead we languish from the smart  
Nor can by human hand be mixed  
The balm to cure th' envenomed dart

But there is One Who passeth by,  
A good Samaritan to heal

### **Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.**

“And Jesus answering said, Were there not ten cleansed? but here are the nine?”—*S. Luke xvii. 17.*

Where are the cleansed—where the nine  
Who fly for aid to love divine,  
And from their trouble loosed and free  
Turn not to bend the grateful knee?

Look ye around, nay, look within,  
Is there no festering cherished sin  
You vowed to yield when pain pressed sore—  
The pain removed—you sinned the more?

In man's false heart so deeply lies  
Corruption that it never dies;  
We deem it crushed, again it springs,  
And with fresh strength its venom flings.

O God of mercy, may the tide  
Which issued from Thy wounded side,  
In Thy good time wash out the stain  
And make our spirits pure again.

## **Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.**

“Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the  
shall take thought for the things of itself.”—*S. Matt. vi.*

When GOD appears in awful form  
With portents blazing forth,  
He bids us quail before the storm,  
And tremble at His wrath.

But when He shows an aspect calm  
And heaven and earth are still,  
'Tis faithless if we seek alarm  
And brood o'er coming ill.

'Tis not that we're forbid to fear  
The future from the past;  
'Tis not that we must close the ear  
To whisperings of the blast:—

But when uncertain shadows rise

## S. Matthew's Day.

SEPTEMBER 21.

And as JESUS passed forth from thence, He saw a man, named  
threw, sitting at the receipt of custom, and He saith unto him,  
ow Me."—*S. Matt.* ix. 9.

Say not that GOD a bar hath placed  
Before His Temple gate;  
Say not His image is defaced  
By thine allotted state.

Happy who walk calm paths along,  
Beyond the world's wild din;  
But happier who confront the throng  
Unmoved and steeled within.

CHRIST at receipt of custom found  
One fit His cross to share,  
To teach that all is holy ground  
When we the soil prepare.

He who in busy scenes of life  
Moves undisturbed and free,  
And spurns amid its noise and strife  
The world's idolatry:



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### Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

"Young man, I say unto thee, Arise."—*S. Luke vii. 14.*

Arise, arise, why stop to sleep,  
And let death's image o'er thee creep?  
A mighty work before thee lies  
To rouse thine utmost energies.

Is it a time to waste the hours  
By cooling streams and sunny flowers;  
To loiter through the precious day  
Midst objects hastening to decay?

Eternal things are pressing on;  
And He who raised the widow's son,  
Again will burst death's murky pall,  
And from the dust thy frame recall.

For soon that dreadful voice will sound,  
Stirring creation's farthest bound;  
Through ocean-cave, and earth's dark tomb,  
Awake, arise, the LORD is come!

## **S. Michael and All Angels' Day.**

**SEPTEMBER 29.**

"For I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do al-  
shold the face of My FATHER Which is in heaven."—S. l  
viii. 10.

Methought an angel robed in white<sup>1</sup>  
Hung o'er a sleeping infant fair,  
Pleased in those features soft and bright  
To see his image mirrored there.

"O stay not here, sweet child," he cried,  
"Earth is too rude a place for thee,  
Fresh washed in the baptismal tide  
Mount to thy destined home with me.

“ Cast not one lingering look behind,  
Thou leav'st but sorrow, care, and pain ;  
Nor breathe regret, ye parents kind,  
You'll meet your treasured joy again.

“ You'll meet him among the seraph band  
Of spirits pure in that glorious place,  
Who ever before their Maker stand,  
And see His presence face to face.”

He spake, then round the child he flings  
His dazzling garb of celestial white,  
And bears him softly on his wings  
To the hosts that encircle the throne of light.

## **Sebenteenth Sunday after Trinity.**

“ But when thou art bidden go and sit down in the lowest room at when He that bade thee cometh, He may say unto thee, Friend, go up higher.”—*S. Luke* xiv. 10.

The sun-flower lifts its head on high,  
While the meek violet beneath,  
Retiring from the gazer's eye,  
Pours forth to heaven its grateful breath.

It matters not what soil supplies,  
Or rich or poor the precious gem ;  
Whether it seek a lowly guise,  
Or sparkle in the diadem.

The hermit's cowl, the warrior's crest

### **Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.**

“And no man was able to answer Him a word; neither durst  
 any man from that day forth ask Him any more questions.”—  
*Matt. xxii. 46.*

May we not ask if doubts arise,  
 When gropes the soul 'neath clouded skies,  
 May we not ask a clearer ray,  
 A star to guide us on our way?

For steadfast souls, which fraud or force  
 Would fail to hinder in their course,  
 Are oft by devious paths perplexed,  
 By jarring voices' conflict vexed.

If with a faith though weak and faint  
 We breathe the lowly heart's complaint;  
 Nor strive with bold inquiring eye  
 On reason's wing to mount on high:

God will in part oft lift the shroud  
 Thick spread before the wise and proud;  
 And lead along with gentle hand  
 To prospect of the promised land.

## Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity

“And behold, they brought to Him a man sick of lying on a bed; and Jesus seeing their faith, said unto the palsy, Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven  
*Matt. ix. 2.*

If the blest spirits which above  
Look down on man with godlike love,  
Could in their bliss, the fountains deep  
Of sorrow stir, and watch, and weep;

Their bitterest tears would flow to see,  
Unconscious of their misery,  
Sin's palsied victims sport and play  
In fond grimace of youth's fresh day.

'Tis sad beneath the scourge to languish  
Dumbly if we felt the anguish

How sweet the sound, "Be of good cheer,  
I came on earth to draw thee near,  
To speak of peace, of sin forgiven,  
And open the clos'd doors of heaven."



## **S. Luke's Day.**

**OCTOBER 18.**

**"Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world, only Luke is with me."—2 Tim. iv. 10.**

When forth the soul comes fresh and free  
It breathes untainted air;  
"Heaven lies about its infancy,"  
And Paradise is there.

And well if launched on the world's way  
It steadfastly endure;  
Happy, thrice happy, if it brave  
Uninjured the allure.

All in his faith's first buoyant heat,

## Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

"Jesus said, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a certain king, who made a marriage for his son, and sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the wedding; and they would not come."—*S. Matt. xxii. 2, 3.*

The LORD doth for His Church prepare  
A marriage-feast of heavenly food;  
And summons all the guests to share  
The banquet of His flesh and blood.

Alas, they have no time to waste,  
The world admits not of delay,  
Its pleasures, business,—on they haste,  
They've much to do and short the day.

So dim doth immortality  
Open before our dazzled sight,  
It needs some guidance from on high  
To lead us to a purer light.

And then earth's shadows empty rise  
Like mists before the morning ray;  
And wonder we such thin disguise  
Should e'er have tempted us to stay.

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## **S. Simon and S. Jude's Day.**

OCTOBER 28.

"After these things the LORD appointed other seventy also, and sent them two and two before His face into every city and place whither He Himself would come."—*S. Luke x. 1.*

He sent them two and two around  
His advent to prepare;  
And taught where two or three are found,  
He will be present there.

In rugged climes and desolate,  
If wild flowers intertwine;  
In this dissevered broken state,  
If hearts with hearts combine:

When unison of praise shall fill  
Heaven's glorious canopy;  
And loving influences distil  
Their incense-breath on high:

May we not think that ties on earth  
Which nature hath begun,  
Will at the spirit's second birth  
Be closely drawn in one?



### Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.

Peter said unto *JESUS, LORD*, how oft shall my brother sin  
inst me, and I forgive him ?"—*S. Matt. xviii. 21.*

How oft must I forgive ? how long  
Shall I endure my brother's wrong ?—  
How oft shall *GOD* entreated be ?  
How long His patience tried by thee ?

Lurks there within thy bosom's cell  
Some ill on which thy thoughts will dwell ;  
Some deep offence, some injury wrought  
By one whom thou in kindness sought ?

What though the hurt may yet remain,  
No pardon asked to soothe its pain ;  
A tribute dear thy sorrow bear  
To Him Who can that sorrow share :

Breathe thy complaint as the fond dove  
Mourns her lost mate with notes of love ;  
Then come what may thy soul is free,  
And *GOD's* own peace will rest on thee.

## All Saints' Day.

NOVEMBER 1.

"After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude could number, of all nations, and kindreds, tongues, stood before the throne, and before it with white robes, and palms in their hands; and voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth and unto the Lamb."—*Rev. vii. 9, 10.*

When I walk the round  
Of the sacred bound,  
Where beneath those hillocks the dead  
To think that the earth  
Shall again give birth

Glorious the voice  
Of the tongues which rejoice,  
Of the myriads redeemed from death's direful curse;  
And transcendent the blaze  
Round the Ancient of Days,  
As hell and destruction before Him disperse.

Then haste, LORD, the day  
Which Thy power shall display,  
With Thy saints ranged around in their vestments  
white;  
When the number sealed  
Shall be fully revealed,  
And time shall be merged in the ocean of light.



## Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

“ For our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we expect the SAVIOUR, the LORD JESUS CHRIST; Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body.”—*Philippians* iii. 20, 21.

A vision o'er my senses passed ;—<sup>1</sup>  
Deep lurid darkness overcast  
A vast impenetrable abyss,  
Wherein no utterance but this

Was heard—a solemn deathlike chime  
Which marked the measured step of time  
In one unvarying never, never!—  
Yes, past the bourn, 'tis past for ever.

Either this mortal dust shall change  
Its vileness for a purer range,  
Like that in fashion glorified  
Which clothes Him at His FATHER's side :—

Or this vile body viler made  
Shall in unfathomed gulf be laid,  
Which from GOD's presence shall dissever,  
One changeless, endless, hopeless, never.

## **Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.**

**'Give place, for the maid is not dead, but sleepeth.'—S. M  
24.**

It is not death that seals the eye ;  
The mouldering dust which feeds the worm  
Of those who cold and torpid lie  
Contains a never-dying germ.

But 'tis a sleep, where sweetly gleam,  
In living, conscious, peaceful rest,  
As flittings of an infant's dream  
Celestial visions calm and blest.

In slumber oft the soul will be  
In vision light.

## Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.

Behold, the days come, saith the LORD, that I will raise unto  
 id a righteous Branch, and a King shall reign and prosper,  
 shall execute judgment and justice in the earth. In His days  
 sh shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely ; and this is His  
 e whereby He shall be called, The LORD our Righteousness."  
 xxiii. 5, 6.

The days shall come—e'en now they seem  
 To cast before their warning beam ;  
 Night's lurid clouds are passing by,  
 The dawn is reddening in the sky.

Mighty strife shall first abound ;  
 Trace we not its symbols round ?  
 Sin shall triumph near and far  
 Ere shall rise that morning star.

See the Church in her distress  
 Flee into the wilderness ;  
 Hear the bitter cry " How long  
 Unavenged shall be our wrong ?"

Soon the time,—His red right hand  
 Waves aloft the burning brand ;  
 The bannered host is mustering fast,  
 Dreadful sounds His trumpet-blast.

Satan's empire is cast down,  
Shattered lies the Dragon's throne,  
CHRIST hath broke the gate of death,  
Sin lies blasted by His breath.

Gentiles from a thousand lands  
Shout with joy, and clap their hands ;  
Judah triumphs safe and sure,  
Israel's tribes shall dwell secure.

Seraph harpers hymn the strain,  
"The LORD our Righteousness doth reig  
Golden harp to harp accords  
"King of kings, and LORD of lords!"

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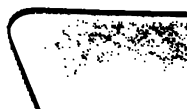
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